APOCALYPTIC
HORSEPLAY
BY BOREDMAN

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YOUR MAJESTY?
WHY, I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE ...

LOOKING FOR SOME BREAD, WERE YOU?
YOU WON'T FIND ANY HERE, I'M AFRAID. THE LAST OF YOUR PEASANTS DIED DAYS AGO.
SAY, HOW DOES IT FEEL FOR A MAN LIKE YOU TO FINALLY GO HUNGRY?
DID YOU EVER IMAGINE THERE WOULD BE SO LITTLE THAT EVEN YOU AND YOUR FAMILY WOULD HAVE NOTHING ?
REALLY PUTS THE POWER OF THE CROWN IN PERSPECTIVE, IF YOU ASK ME.
P...PLEASE. HE-HELP ME... PLEASE.
I BEG OF YOU ...

AH. THE BEGGING.
SOMETHING ELSE THAT MUST HAVE FELT QUITE NEW.
UNFORTUNATELY, THESE CROWS AND YOURSELF ARE THE ONLY SUITABLE SOURCES OF SUSTENANCE LEFT IN TOWN, YOUR MAJESTY.
I WONDER HOW LONG IT'LL TAKE FOR THEM TO REALIZE IT.

HALT.

WELL MY MISTAKE! THERE IS A PEASANT LEFT STANDING
HAVE YOU COME TO AID YOUR KING? I'M SURE HE COULD USE A HAND.
OR ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN SPARE.

I HAVE NOT COME FOR HIM, HORSEMAN.
IT IS YOU THAT I SEEK.
THEN I CONGRATULATE YOU ON COMPLETING YOUR QUEST, HUMAN. BUT SADLY I MUST BE ON MY WAY.
ALTHOUGH THE AGONY OF YOUR KIND IS ENTERTAINING, THERE IS A WHOLE CONTINENT LEFT TO STARVE.

MY KIND? YOU MEAN YOUR KIND.

?!

YOU AND I WERE NEVER MEN.

YOU AND I WILL NEVER DIE.

BUT OUR EXISTENCE IS THE REASON MEN DO.
YOU... YOU ARE LIKE ME ?
I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS ALONE!
WHO ARE YOU ?
THE LATIN CALL ME MORS.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MORS.
I'M FAMIS.